



CHAPTER VIII.
A Combat of Wills.
KATHLEEN VERNON looked up from her ministrations to find Arthur had departed.
"Where is Mr. Gray?" she asked.
"He has gone," said the little secretary. "He did me the honor to ask me to see that you got home safely."
"He asked that of you?" asked Kathleen in bewilderment. Gray had seemed so bitter against the forger and had been so determined to prosecute the one that she could not understand his leaving Symes at large. She was sorry, too, that he had gone for to make a final plea in Jared's favor on the way home.
She was disappointed that the scene they had both just witnessed between mother and son should have made so little impression on Arthur that he could be anxious to escape from it without trying to do something for the heart-broken little man. She had thought him more generous, more kind-hearted. And even as she regretted his callousness a pang of self-reproach shot through her that she should mentally blame the man who in her mind was the ideal of everything that was noblest and best.
Mrs. Carroll had sunk into a light slumber. Noting this, Symes crept closer to Kathleen and whispered:
"You probably know that I have forged Mr. Gray's name on 3 checks."
Kathleen bowed assent.
"I did it for—"
"For your dying mother," finished Kathleen. "To buy delicacies and medicines for her. I'm sure I shall explain that to Mr. Gray and beg him not to prosecute. But surely you must know that even such a noble cause cannot excuse a crime like that, and—"
"One moment, Miss Vernon," interposed Symes. "I cannot tell under false colors. My mother never profited by one cent of those forgeries." "You speculated, perhaps?" But—"No. I did not receive the money myself. It was an unrequited crime, a case where the devil fished with an unbalanced hook. I cannot explain. When my mother—when the end comes I may be able to explain—but now my lips are sealed. Call it crime for crime's sake if you will. It was not of that I wished to speak to you, but of Mr. Gray."
"I have already told you," said Kathleen coldly. "That I will intercede with him for you."
"It is not that," he said quickly, winding at her tone of implied reproach. "I wished to tell you what he has done for me. He had me in his power. He allowed me to stay here with my mother when he might have denounced me to her as a thief and thus have made her last hours a torture. He might have had me arrested at the door as I was leaving. Instead he has forgiven me."
"Forgiven you?" echoed Kathleen, with a little cry of happy incredulity.
"Yes. He has refused to prosecute. He lets me go free."
"How splendid of him! I know you'll show your appreciation by leading a better life. Won't you?"
Again Symes quivered with shame and seemed about to break out into a confession of some sort. But he checked himself and said, enigmatically:
"I shall hope to show my appreciation in a more personal way than that. Dungen, wherever he knows nothing threaten Mr. Gray. I dare not say more. But I shall give my life, if need be, to tell you what he has done for me. He had me in his power. He allowed me to stay here with my mother when he might have denounced me to her as a thief and thus have made her last hours a torture. He might have had me arrested at the door as I was leaving. Instead he has forgiven me."

THE GIRL IN RED.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Arthur Gray, a young millionaire, falls in love with a mysterious woman whom he calls "The Girl in Red." She is also loved by Simon Farjeon, a banker, who places in her father's hands a very large sum of money. The girl is under Farjeon's power, and when the latter forces her to marry him, she is forced to do so. A combination of the money and the girl's beauty makes her a sought-after woman. Simon Farjeon, in a case of conscience, has known in the past that the girl is not his wife, but he has never told her. Kathleen takes Gray to the dead end of Symes's mother. Gray refuses to proceed.

Around Town.
By Josephine Robb.

No. III.—The Move-Forward, Step-Lively Man.

THE wind blows with especial vigor and has a particular brand of keenness reserved for your individual corner, where you spend a good deal of your time waiting for a car.
You have, of course, barely time to keep your appointment—you never have more.
Your hat dangles tip-tilly on one hand, and your clutch your guff, handbag and various belongings frantically think thoughts framed in the most violent language you know, and it does very well, but the repression, though perhaps good discipline, doesn't seem the best thing for you on general principles.
It is best to keep a large stock of patience in a handy place where you can draw upon it when riding in a cable car.
Have you ever been indiscreet enough to cast your fare when standing in a crowd? The conductor does not notice you. He takes the fare automatically, then, a few minutes later, when you have found a seat, demands it again.
You protest, but it isn't exactly pleasant, and when you reach your corner you are pursued with a vindictive cry: "Remember, you beat me out of five cents!"
You smart under indignation, but you conclude it better to be held up passively and pay this tax than to pose as the star in a drama which, it is needless to state, is hugely enjoyed by the other passengers.
Then, of course, you or the conductor has occasionally become hopelessly tangled up in transfers—but that is to be expected.
On the whole the conductor has need of patience, too.
It is really remarkable how many fool questions can be asked of a conductor in a minute.
As a rule he answers them with a fair

able you endeavor to signal the rapidly approaching trolley car.
"No passengers!" yells the motorman, cheerfully, as he comes on the extra speed and whizzes by, followed by your respectful glare.
The conductor leans against the closed door and evidently enjoys the spectacle of your rage.
You stare, with expectancy to the next slowly following car.
But this motorman has time to make up and carefully avoids seeing you at all, while the conductor considerably turns his back.
You determine to waylay the next vehicle that comes. But it is a long time in coming.
You hurry to the step.
"Stand back there now! Passengers off first!"
You thought you were already standing meekly at one side, but the conductor is so used to repeating this formula that he doesn't notice.
Before the last passenger has left the car the conductor, his hand on the strap, calls out:
"All aboard! Step lively!"
Too long for a chance to step lively, as is given you. Before you are ready the car starts. But you are acquainted with its tricks from long and bitter experience, so you grasp the rail firmly and are all right.
Nevertheless, the conductor seizes your light colored sleeve in his brawny and gray flat and says: "What're you tryin' to do? Don't you know better'n to sit on that car's motor?"
Isn't any use saying anything, so don't say it, but you energetically

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A love-bed Quest
From Shop to Shop
of the Girl in Red.
BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.
Find the Girl's Age. \$100 in Prizes.
FIRST PRIZE.....\$25
SECOND PRIZE.....\$10
13 OTHER PRIZES, EACH.....\$5

THE BATTLE OF THE EYES.



The Eyes—Topaz and Black—Fought a Terrible Battle, None the Less Fierce Because Silent.

be, to ward off those perils from him. 'Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friend,' you know. It may even come to this. But whatever befalls, rest assured I shall not let his clemency go forgotten."

Oh, What Awful Husbands! They Won't Stay Home o' Nights

\$25 in Prizes for Those Who Can Tell How to Keep Them at Home.

She Plays "Don't Care" Game.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read the letters from the wives every night, and cannot help thinking how many good husbands there really are. Just think! To stay home every night for years! I believe those husbands would stay home, no matter what kind of wife they had. I have been married twelve years and I have tried over again, in every possible way, to keep my husband home at night, and now at last I have found a cure. Just let him understand that you do not care if he goes and rather like it. Let him understand that you do not mind him, and you will see that he will stay at home or take you along when he goes out. That is, if he loves you. For if he doesn't nothing in the world will keep him home.
Ravenswood, L. I. Mrs. A. L. A.
Trying to Buy a Husband's Love.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
It seems to me that all these poor wives are trying to be heroines by buying their husbands' love at the price of a good table, a smiling face, &c. I am thirty-nine years of age. I spent twenty-two years of happy married life, but I never for a moment thought that I had to coax my husband to do his duty. We had good and bad times together, but always at the basis of true love.
Mrs. H. had Work Nights.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have married eighteen years and have nine children. The first five years he was a great man for his home at night. I would not expect my husband to stay home every night and work hard all day. I would think it was cruel, as long as he never was home one night with his family. He had to work nights.
Mrs. M. A. G. a Happy Mother.
Treat Husband as You Did Lover.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
THE best way to keep your husband home at nights is to treat him with the same consideration you did before you were married.
Mrs. R. W.
A Lady Physician.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
O ask how to keep a husband home nights is the same as to ask how to keep him continually in love with his wife. If a husband loves his wife he will stay home with pleasure and will prefer her society to any other entertainment; but if he does not, or if his love is of a very fragile kind, there is no remedy, the case is hopeless. Sooner or later he will neglect her.

How to Keep Your Husband Home Nights.

THE EVENING WORLD offers the following prizes for the best answers to the above question:
A prize of \$10 for a letter from a wife who has successfully kept her husband home nights for the longest number of years.
A prize of \$10 for the most convincing letter telling how to keep her Husband Home Nights.
A consolation prize of \$5 to the woman who has tried the hardest and failed to keep her husband home nights.
Letters must not be over 150 words in length and must be written on one side of the paper only to receive attention. Address letters to "Wandering Husband Editor, Evening World, New York City."
In spite of all that she can do to make the home attractive. Study the science of love, and you will keep your husband home—days and nights at every moment which they will have free of business. A LADY PHYSICIAN.
A Woman's Idea of a Man's Paradise.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
This home is filled with mutual love, happiness, contentment and health. In the midst of which dwells an amiable wife who keeps it beautiful, entire and clean, surely it will be a paradise in which any husband will be eager and anxious to remain.
ANNA RAUSCH.
Reversal of the Situation.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have a recipe on how to keep a husband out. Instead of nailing him to his house I should like to nail him out once in awhile. In the house each evening after business, and now after seventeen years it has grown too monotonous for human nature to stand. What a relief it would be to hear him say: "I am going out to-night!" And he is an extra kind husband and father and our wants are always supplied.
A STAY-AT-HOME.
No Strategy in This.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Y husband and I have spent our evenings at home together for forty-two years. He is never out except when I am with him. It is not any strategy of mine. I think it is because he wanted to stay at home.
Mrs. WILLIAM C.
Family Keeps Him at Home.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I advise to wives to keep their husbands home nights is to have a family. The husband will love his little ones, and what spare time he has will be spent with you all at home. And if he goes out for a few hours and wishes you to go with him,

How to Keep Your Husband Home Nights.

ly salary which I try to use discreetly. The six years I have been married have been the happiest of my life. My motto is to be "sweet, sympathetic, cheerful and firm" (when you are in the right).
HAPPY WIFE.
The Law of Love.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
HAVING successfully kept my society loving, politically inclined husband home nights for thirty-seven years, also seven young men, sons, nephews and wards, I, by request, enter this contest, hoping thereby to help some light-seeking, disconsolate wife. My first rule in home-making was the law of love, without which industry, economy, perseverance and patience will hardly follow; but with these virtues practised home is a haven of rest for the tired, home-coming husband. I always tried to let the supper ready and house and children tidy. Always found some time to read to keep myself abreast of the times intellectually. Enjoyable, bright games in the evening, occasionally pleasant friends, or calling out together, or a good book, read aloud by different members of the family. Put all work out of the way evening is a day of my rules, and all enjoy the happy, well-earned evening together.
MOTTER AND GRANDMOTHER.
CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
J. C. Fitch.
Amusements.
WALLACK'S
This play is a fine object lesson in the art of how to keep your husband home nights. It is a story of a man who has been married for thirty years and who has never been out of the house for a single night. The play is a comedy and is a very good one.
COUNTY CHAIRMAN.
Casino
To-night, Paula Edwards WINSOME WINNIE.
MAISON
To-night, The Little Princess
LYRIC
To-night, Van Stoddard
PINKIES
To-night, The Little Princess
STAR
To-night, The Little Princess

How to Keep Your Husband Home Nights.

MAISON
To-night, The Little Princess
LYRIC
To-night, Van Stoddard
PINKIES
To-night, The Little Princess
STAR
To-night, The Little Princess

How to Tell the Age of the Girl in Red.

To begin with, the Girl in Red is in her teens and there is no fraction in her age. She is so many integer years and so many integer months old. You have that information to start with.
Now then, to find her age: There will be twelve chapters in this story and in each chapter three of the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 will be printed as numbers or figures—not spelled out. One of these numbers is to be selected each day—you must pick one of the three yourself—and when the story is completed add the four selected numbers in the first four chapters, subtract the selected number in the fifth, add the numbers in the sixth, seventh and eighth chapters, subtract the number in the ninth, add the number in the tenth, multiply by the number in the eleventh and divide by the number in the twelfth. The quotient and remainder will be the Girl in Red's age in years and months. And remember she is under twenty. Read the story carefully and you may find therein something that will give you a clue to her age. The number in the first chapter was 2.
Fill out this blank when the story is completed and send it to "Girl in Red Editor Evening World, P. O. Box 130, New York City." The story will end Saturday, Dec. 5, but answers will be received up to noon Monday, Dec. 7.

No. of Chap.	The Right Number.	No. of Chap.	The Right Number.	No. of Chap.	The Right Number.
1	3	5	Subtract	9	Subtract
2	Add	6	Add	10	Add
3	Add	7	Add	11	Multiply by
4	Add	8	Add	12	Divide by

The Girl in Red's Age.....Years.....Months
Sender's Name.....
Address.....

should not be embittered by contact with this unnatural daughter.
"Go!" she repeated calmly, pointing toward the door.
"You forget your place, my good girl," said the Girl in Red, haughtily.
"This!" reiterated Kathleen Vernon, with the same deadly calm.
For a full minute her topaz eyes steadily, honestly, ably with righteous anger—held and grappled the black, gleaming orbs of the Girl in Red.
It was a conflict of wills.
The patrician, whose steel nerves and unshakable firmness had carried her victorious through many a deadly battle, stood opposed to the working girl, who was alive to the dire need of saving her dying friend from heartbreak and whose gentle nature was thrilling with indignation at this desecration of death's presence.
The eyes-topaz and black—fought a terrible battle, none the less fierce because silent.
A pause. Then, for the first time in her life, the Girl in Red lowered her

HAIR ON THE FACE.

The proper treatment in the proper manner is one of the most important and necessary and safely destroy all unnatural growths of hair and guarantee success in every case under treatment. Consultation free. Call personally or write. Hours, 2 to 6.

The Morey Institute.

17 West 24th St., New York City.
Opp. Waldorf-Astoria.

Amusements.

MAJESTIC
BABES IN TOYLAND.
With WILLIAM MORRIS and a host of other stars.
NEW EMPIRE THEATRE
MAUDE ADAMS
NEW LYCEUM
Wm. Gillette
HERALD
THE GIRL FROM KAT'S SAM BERNARD
SAVOY THEATRE
MAXINE ELLIOTT
CRITERION THEATRE
Wm. Faversham
GARRICK THEATRE
WHITE WASHINGTON JOLLA
GARDEN THEATRE
Three Little Maids.
VAUDEVILLE THEATRE
CHARLOTTE WELLS
PASTOR'S CONTINUOUS
BROADWAY THEATRE
FRITZI SCHEFF BABETTE
NEW AMSTERDAM
A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE
VICTORIA, FRANK DANIELS
14th St. Theatre
Grand Amelie Bingham
ATLANTIC GARDEN
3rd Ave. Theatre